

Chickens

by

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WILL and TRINA stand on an empty patch of soil, surveying the space in front of them. As they list possibilities, they point to where they can see each thing in the future.

WILL

Veggies.

TRINA

Fruit trees.

WILL

Fire pit.

TRINA

Pizza oven.

WILL

Compost.

TRINA

Chickens.

WILL

Chickens!

TRINA

They're good for compost.

WILL

I know. You've got to watch that Youtube channel I've been telling you about.

TRINA

(Nodding.) I keep meaning to.

WILL

Talks all about chickens, crops, how to dig a well.

TRINA

We don't need a well.

WILL

Technically, no. But it'd be nice to be less reliant on town water. Things.

Silence.

TRINA

Did I tell you what my mother said? About us being here? She said we were giving up.

WILL

Giving up what?

TRINA shrugs.

WILL

That's a strange thing to say. What did she mean by that? Did you ask her?

TRINA

I think- I don't think she meant anything by it. I think she worries about us not doing what we used to. It's a big change.

WILL

Well, we're doing this because we're going to be happier.

TRINA

I know.

WILL

We don't *want* that life anymore.

TRINA

I explained that to her.

WILL

Good. (*Quick pause.*) Sorry to get thingy about it-

TRINA

No need to say sorry. You know how she gets.

WILL

Things are going to be better, here. We'll have more time in the day, get to spend time together.

TRINA

She worries we're not going to find what we're looking for out here.

Pause.

WILL

Yeah?

TRINA

'cause we might not. We might end up with the yard and the trees and the compost and the chickens, and it might feel different, and it might feel nicer, but not better, perhaps?

Silence, as they sit with this.

WILL

We'll find it.

TRINA

I know. Help me name some chickens.

WILL thinks.

WILL

The Colonel.

TRINA

That's awful. Beryl.

WILL

Buster.

TRINA

Catherine.

WILL

Princess Leia. As in-

TRINA

I get it.

WILL

Chickens.

TRINA

Chickens.